Numb. 123

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Audire atque Togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut Argenti pallet Amore. Hor.

From *Thurſday January* 19. to *Saturday January* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

WITH much Labour and Difficulty I paſſed through the Firſt Part of my Viſion, and recovered the Centre of the Wood, from whence I had the Proſpect of the Three great Roads. I here joined my ſelf to the middle-aged Party of Mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct Line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue*. It was planted on each Side with Lawrels, which were intermixed with Marble Trophies, Carved Pillars, and Statues of Law-givers, Heroes, Stateſmen, Philoſophers, and Poets. The Perſons who travelled up this great Path, were ſuch whoſe Thoughts were bent upon doing eminent Services to Mankind, or promoting the Good of their Country. On each Side of this great Road were ſeveral Paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight Lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered Walks, and received into them Men of retired Virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame End of their Journey, tho' they choſe to make it in Shade and Obſcurity. The Edifices at the Extremity of the Walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the *Temple of Honour*, by reaſon of the *Temple of Virtue* which ſtood before it. At the Gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that *of Honour*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful Triumphal Arch, and had no other Entrance into it. When the Deity of the Inner Structure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a Body to a Figure that was placed over the High Altar, and was the Emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a Globe in the midſt of a Golden Zodiac, holding the Figure of a Sun in one Hand, and a Moon in the other. Her Head was veiled, and her Feet covered. Our Hearts glowed within us as we ſtood amidſt the Sphere of Light which this Image caſt on every Side of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this Band of Adventurers, I repaired to another Pile of Building that ſtood within View of the *Temple of Honour*, and was raiſed in Imitation of it, upon the very ſame Model: But at my Approach to it, I found that the Stones were laid together without Mortar, and that the whole Fabrick ſtood upon ſo weak a Foundation, that it ſhook with every Wind that blew. This was called, *The Temple of Vanity*. The Goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many Tapers that burnt Day and Night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open Day-light. Her whole Art was to ſhow her ſelf more beautiful and majeſtick than ſhe really was; for which Reaſon ſhe had painted her Face, and wore a cluſter of falſe Jewels upon her Breaſt. But what I more particularly obſerved, was, the Breadth of her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the Faſhion of the Modern Fardingal. This Place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-Thinkers, and Prating Politicians, with a Rabble of thoſe who have only Titles to make them great Men. Female Votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the Sand upon the Sea Shore. I made it my Buſineſs in my Return towards that Part of the Wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their Journey with the Band of virtuous Perſons, and travelled ſome Time in their Company: But upon Examination, I found that there were ſeveral Paths which led out of the great Road into the Sides of the Wood, and ran into ſo many crooked Turns and Windings, that thoſe who travelled through them, often turned their Backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then croſſed the ſtraight Road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little Space, till the crooked Path which they were engaged in again led them into the Wood. The ſeveral Alleys of theſe Wanderers had their particular Ornaments: One of them I could not but take Notice of in the Walk of the miſchievous Pretenders to Politicks, which had at every Turn the Figure of a Perſon, whom by the Inſcription I found to be *Machiavil*, pointing out the Way with an extended Finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the ſame Manner as before, with a Deſign to obſerve carefully every Thing that paſſed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the Occurrences in that Aſſembly, which was made up of Perſons of my own Age. This Body of Travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep Valley, in which they journeyed ſeveral Days with great Toil and Uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary Refreſhments of Food and Sleep. The only Relief they met with, was in a River that ran through the Bottom of the Valley on a Bed of Golden Sand. They often drank of this Stream, which had ſuch a particular Quality in it, that tho' it refreſhed them for a Time, it rather inflamed than quenched their Thirſt. On each Side of the River was a Range of Hills full of Precious Ore; for where the Rains had waſhed off the Earth, one might ſee in ſeveral Parts of them long Veins of Gold, and Rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, That the Deity of the Place had forbad any of his Votaries to dig into the Bowels of theſe Hills, or convert the Treaſures they contained to any Uſe, under Pain of ſtarving. At the End of the Valley ſtood the *Temple of Avarice*, made after the Manner of a Fortification, and ſurrounded with a Thouſand Tripple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our Approach, they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old Woman, who had called her ſelf by the forged Name of *Competency*, offered her ſelf for our Guide. She carried under her Garment a Golden Bow, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her Hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the Gates flew open for our Reception. We were led through

an Hundred Iron Doors before we entered the Temple. At the upper End of it ſat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy Beard, and a meagre ſtarved Countenance, incloſed with Heaps of Ingots, and Pyramids of Money, but half naked, and ſhivering with Cold. On his Right Hand was a Fiend, called *Rapine*; and on his Left a particular Favourite, to whom he had given the Title of *Parſimony*. The firſt was his Collector, and the other his Caſhier.

There were ſeveral long Tables placed on each Side of the Temple, with reſpective Officers attending behind them. Some of theſe I enquired into. At the Firſt Table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing a Sollicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by; I kept my Eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a Perſon that had a Pen in his Hand, with a Multiplication-Table and an Almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was Maſter of. The Sollicitor would often apply himſelf to his Ear, and at the ſame Time convey Money into his Hand, for which the other would give him out a Piece of Paper or Parchment, ſigned and ſealed in Form. The Name of this dextrous and ſucceſsful Sollicitor was *Bribery*. At the next Table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it ſat a Perſon in a bob Wig, counting over a great Sum of Money. He gave out little Purſes to ſeveral, who after a ſhort Tour brought him, in Return, Sacks-full of the ſame kind of Coin. I ſaw at the ſame Time a Perſon called *Fraud*, who ſat behind a Counter, with Falſe Scales, Light Weights, and Scanty Meaſures, by the ſkilful Application of which Inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe Heap of Wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral Officers, or deſcribe the Votaries, that attended in this Temple. There were many old Men Panting and Breathleſs, repoſing their Heads on Bags of Money; nay, many of them actually dying, whoſe very Pangs and Convulſions (which render'd their Purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp 'em the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one Hand all Things even to the Garments and Fleſh of many miſerable Perſons who ſtood before them, and with the other Hand throwing what they had ſeized to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſudden the whole Aſſembly fell a trembling; and upon Enquiry, I found that the great Room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many Times a Day appeared to them, and terrified them to Diſtraction.

In the midſt of their Terror and Amazement, the Apparition enter'd, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my Acquaintance with this Phantom, which had render'd the Sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a Figure in my Eye as the God of this loathſome Temple. The miſerable Votaries of the Place were, I found, of another Mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatened by the Apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the Room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmoſt Fear and Trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the Paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy People to be of the ſame Nature with thoſe unaccountable Antipathies which ſome Perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenſy, not unlike that which throws a Man into Terrors and Agonies at the Sight of ſo uſeful and innocent a Thing as Water. The whole Aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my Devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs my ſelf to the Phantom.

'Oh *Poverty!* (ſaid I) My firſt Petition to thee 'is, That thou wouldſt never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou 'wouldſt not bear a Form more terrible than 'that in which thou appeareſt to me at preſent. 'Let not thy Threats and Menaces betray me 'to any Thing that is ungrateful or unjuſt. Let 'me not ſhut my Ears to the Cries of the Needy. 'Let me not forget the Perſon that has deſerved 'well of me. Let me not for any Fear of thee, de'ſert my Friend, my Principles, or my Honour. 'If Wealth is to viſit me, and to come with her 'uſual Attendants, *Vanity*, and *Avarice*, do thou, 'Oh Poverty! haſten to my Reſcue; but bring a'long with thee the Two Siſters in whoſe Compa'ny thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The Concluſion of this Viſion muſt be deferred to another Opportunity.

Adverti ſements.

EDward Stockdale (who ſerved Mr. Roos, Her Majeſty's Engraver) that formerly lived at the May-pole in the Strand, and lately at the Corner of Half-Moon-ſtreet, is now removed to Mr. Lemair's, next Door to the Blue Ball in Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, where all Gentlemen and others may have Seals curiouſly engraved in Stone, Steel, &c.

The Certificate given to Sir William Read by the Reverend Dr. Covel, the late Vice-Chancellor of the Univerſity of Cambridge, Feb. 24. 1697.

I John Covel, Maſter of Chriſt-College in Cambridge, do hereby recommend Mr. William Read to all Perſons (who may have Occaſion to uſe him) for an expert Oculiſt, eſpecially for couching of Cataracts, and curing the Gutta Serena. I never met with his Equal in any Place where-ever I came, either at Home or Abroad. I have my ſelf likewiſe ſeen ſeveral other excellent Operations in Chirurgery done by him with great Care and Dexterity, and with very extraordinary Succeſs. I cannot but alſo mention his great Generoſity in freely helping the Poor for God's ſake; there being now at leaſt an Hundred living Monuments of his Charity, as well as of his Skill, in this County, ſince his Abode in it. Witneſs my Hand the Day and Year above-written. John Covel.

*** The Compleat Gameſter: Or, Inſtructions how to play at all manner of uſual and moſt genteel Games, either on Cards, Dice, Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, or Cheſs. Alſo the Arts and Myſteries of Riding, Racing, Archery, and Cock-fighting. To which is added, The Game at Baſſet. With a Diſcourſe of Gaming in general; the Deſcription of a Gaming Ordinary, and the Character of a Gameſter. With a Song on the Game at Piquet. All regulated by the moſt experienc'd Maſters. Printed for Cha. Brome at the Gun the Weſt End of St. Paul's Church. Price 1s. 6d. Where may be had Geographical Cards, giving a Deſcription of the whole World, at 1 s. a Pack. Of great Improvement to all young Gentlemen and Ladies, and may be uſed as other Cards.

A Plain Gold Watch, made by Tompion, with a Gold Hook and Chain, a Cornelian Seal ſet in Gold, with a Cupid ſitting Hearts, was drop'd from a Lady's Side, in or near Great Marlborough-ſtreet, on Thurſday Night laſt, whoever took it up, if they will bring it to Mr. Plaiſtow's at the Hand and Star between the Two Temple Gates in Fleetſtreet, ſhall receive Five Guinea's Reward.

To be ſold,

A Very good Coach lin'd with a Cathaw, fit for Town or Country. To be ſeen at Mr. Carne's at the Three Corniſh Daws over againſt my Lord Sunderland's in Piccadilly.

To the Quality and Gentry.

A Painter, bred under a celebrated Foreign Maſter, curious alſo in Gardening, particularly in Flowers and rare Plants, is deſirous to live in the Country with a Perſon of Quality or Gentleman. His farther Recommendation, &c, may be known at the Britannia Coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs.

On Tueſday next will be publiſh'd,

*** The Memoirs of the Marquis de Langallerie; containing an Account of the moſt ſecret Intrigues of the French, Spaniſh and Bavarian Courts, and the moſt remarkable Battles, Sieges, and Encampments, in Germany, Spain and Flanders: Together with the moſt conſiderable Treaties and Alliances made with France, from the Year 1687, to the Year 1710. Intermix'd with ſeveral original private Letters, (never made publick) written by the French King, Cardinal Portocarrero, Duke of Anjou, Elector of Bavaria, Marquis de Torcy, Charles III. of Spain, Prince Eugene, Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Ormond, Monſieur Auverquerque, &c. Printed for J. Round at Seneca's Head in Change-Alley, and N. Cliff at the Candleſtick in Cheapſide.

*** The Statutes at large, in Three Volumes; Wingate and Waſhington's Abridgment, with a Supplement to them; Mr. Cutterbuck's Plain and Rational Vindication and Explanation of the Liturgy; Dr. Gibſon on the Sacrament at 11. 5s. per Hundred; Winchester Manual; Bibles and Common Prayers of all Sorts, ruled or unruled; a fine Set of Cuts for the Common Prayer, engraved by Mr. Sturt; Dr. Nicolls's Paraphraſe on the Common Prayer; the New Welch Common Prayer and Pſalms, with or without Cuts; and Tate and Brady's Pſalms, with the New Supplement; Biſhop Beveridge's Catechiſm; Dr. Williams's Catechiſm; are ſold by R. Whitledge, at the Bible and Ballin Ave-Mary-lane near Ludgate, at the loweſt Prices.

Oldiſworth's Record Ink Powder,

FOR making expeditiouſly the blackeſt and moſt laſting Writing Ink; being a Tincture from Minerals, Marchaſites, with other ponderous Ingredients, far exceeding (for this Purpoſe) any diſſolving Powder whatever. Each Sixpenny Paper contains three Ounces, ſealed up with Directions; 3 Papers make a Gallon; 4 more, with the former Sediment, will make another Gallon as good as the firſt; and thus in Proportion for a greater or leſs Quantity, is much cheaper than hitherto known. It is alſo fit for Carriage by Sea and Land, as now prepared in Powder by Auſtin Oldiſworth, Stationer, at the Golden-Ball in Cannon-ſtreet. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, and the Stationers, Booksellers and Haberdaſhers in London, and other Cities and chief Towns in Great Britain and Ireland.